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offered as the complete embodiment of all that is most balanced and best in landscape art. Though it gives a rarely vivid impression of what is most distinctive in its scene, yet neither the layman nor the artist who is not pursuing its special technical aim will find its treatment on the formal side quite satisfying, even when he has made its point of view his own so far as he can reasonably be expected to. He may, however, without closing his eyes or standing on his head or taking any other disconcerting attitude, have a delightful experience before this canvas, so delightful as to suggest that when the supreme expression in this direction shall be found, landscape art will have reached the goal to which by its very nature it tends.

Anamosa, Iowa.

HENRY CHARLES PAYNE.



THE WASHINGTON MEDAL, BY PHILIP MARTINY.

THE PERMANENT COLLECTIONS IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

VI.—The Collection of Antiquities—Metals.

SOME seed fell by the wayside. Shall the fowls of the air gather it up? The multitudes pass through the south corridor, second floor. By the wayside is the seed, in the glass cases. The glitter of the metals is attractive, but these objects become fascinating when studied historically. However their forms may attract as examples of artistic effort, or simply as beautiful things, their virtues are but half appreciated unless compared

together as representatives of styles, of epochs, of conditions of civilization and of race characteristics.

Let us note the works of Benvenuto Cellini, as he is a prominent figure midway between ancient and contemporary workers. He is one of the last of the wonderful *cinq-^e-centé* group, those great men whose lives covered the fifteenth century and more, and with him the Italian Renaissance may be said to have ended.

By comparison with the Roman work (here displayed) we can see the source of his inspiration, his as well as that of all the Renaissance metalworkers; and we must not overlook the fact that all noted artists of the time, painters, sculptors, and even architects, dabbled more or less seriously in metalwork. Even as our students today look to illustration as a means of "boiling the pot," or as a means of getting their work before the public, so these great artists worked with gold, silver and bronze, creating objects of rare beauty, because the public could and did purchase such things. Jewelry was marketable. Angelo and Da Vinci are on record as fine-metal workers. None seems to have escaped efforts in this direction. But Cellini seems to have been a worker in nothing else. Even his noble sculpture appears in bronze, he himself doing the foundry work. He was an expert in all its branches, casting, cutting, damascening, engraving and setting of precious stones as well as all sorts of repoussé work, and this in gold, silver, bronze or steel, as might be called for. He made the clasp for the Papal cope, the one used even until this day.

There is not space here to relate all the personal history of this gentlemanly ruffian. Hot blood got him into never-ending predicaments. His quarrelsome disposition and rudeness of speech offended each patron in turn, though his genius always commanded a new one so that he never lacked for commissions even when compelled to take advantage of the first kindly darkness to escape from wrath. The story grows complicated as we trace him to France and to more temper and more trouble. And how came he in France? Turning back a few pages in our history we find that when the Italians were in the full tide of the fifteenth century awakening, the French had little art but their Gothic cathedrals; art enough, perhaps you will say. The invasions of Italy by the French kings Charles VIII. and Louis XII. awakened their officers and soldiers to a sense of their backwardness in civilization. On their return all the nobles went at chateau building. The beautiful Blois and Chambord, and many others, came into being. France had awakened, and then came Francois I., an art fancier.

He in turn had his little war in Italy, but the captives brought back to France were casts of the Venus of Medicis and of the Laocoön, a

picture by Raphael, a hundred odd of other statues besides art objects, and he secured a new staff officer, one Leonardo da Vinci, though the old man was little more than ornamental at that time.



ARMOR OF HENRI II., ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

Francois had plans drawn for a palace to replace the old mediæval castle called the Louvre, but these were carried out by his son Henri II.

and his wife Catherine de Medicis, and Catherine pushed the work wonderfully.

All this has to do with our metals up in the corridor. Cellini was called from his unpleasantnesses in Italy to the court of Francois. While there he made, among other things, the wonderfully beautiful silver salt



SILVER PLATTER, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

cellar (often illustrated in our magazines and books) and he might have remained in France a petted courtier but for his foolhardy insult to the king's mistress, she whom all the foreign diplomats, and even their royal masters, felt compelled to honor. To escape the anger of this influential lady Cellini took literally "French leave." But his spirit remained after his body had fled, and here in our collection is a facsimile of the armor

in his style, made for Henri II., a steel suit in repoussé. Here are also several shields, his own work, and a reproduction of a dagger with its sheath, a most wonderful affair crowded with minute high-relief figures.

Art students now doing their antique and life-class work should study these things because our silver and other metal work is not rich in figure



SILVER PLATTER, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

decoration. In New York are made yacht and baseball trophies ornamented with fine human figures, but in the late exhibit of the Arts and Crafts Society of Chicago how many of the metal workers used the figure? Was there a single example? What good student is there who may not

model in wax the design for lamp shade, and beat it out too; making the ductile metal alive with dancing nymphs or puritan maidens—devils or angels—instead of simply a few punctures of patternwork. There is no need of imitating Cellini or anyone else. All we ask for is human figure ornament of some sort. This matter of imitation is much abused in our talk these days. What was Cellini's work but imitation of Roman metals? Imitation up to a certain point, beyond which it was Cellini pure and simple. Would one know in how much it was an imitation, examine the reproductions from the Hildesheim find of Roman vessels, which is in plain view there in the corridor. When first unearthed, experts declared this to be the work of Cellini until careful search and study of the conditions in which the buried treasures existed proved beyond a doubt its Roman origin. But for these establishing facts it could easily have remained attributed to Cellini. The Renaissance as regards art metals (as well as most else) was a rebirth of Roman art; an art, since the time that Constantine moved to Byzantium (some ten centuries), dead and buried. So we have in the greatest of *original* metalworkers only an inspired imitator. But he was inspired as few have been.

In the same case with the Hildesheim treasure is another from Bernay, France, at first supposed to be Roman because found in a long-buried deposit of valuables of a Roman grandee, by war's stress forced to lighten his baggage. But it proved to be Greek work, spoils of an earlier eastern campaign carried by some Roman to the front in the expeditions against the Gauls. These Greek metals are of two sorts; refined and reserved in style are some of them, while others are elaborate and florid. Thus could the refined Greeks differ in artistic sentiment. For comparison let us now look in the case containing medals, made in this decade, noting a similar contrast in sentiment on the part of their authors. They are naturalistic to a degree, but still influenced by classic study. Some are florid and elaborate, in bold relief, while others are very low relief, quiet, modest and broadly handled. Do they not correspond to the examples from Bernay? By examining the small Greek cups and noting their almost sole ornament—figures in remarkably thin relief—we may find the progenitors of these thin-relief medals. Indeed, the idea I present is not fanciful. This classic work is the source from which work of this sort is derived. There is originality enough in the medals, and fine things they are; but "classic" they are as well.

The central medal (the Washington), by Martiny, is a poor reproduction, as I discovered quite recently when the original came accidentally under my eye. This reproduction had never specially impressed me, but a first glance at the original at once arrested attention. So do trifles affect art! Fine execution is worth something. And is this medal classic?

Yes and no. It is influenced in a high degree by classical study—that is, by Renaissance study.

The array of salvers and “pitchers” (to use an Americanism) takes us through quite a range of historical study. Some are of the French Renaissance, some seventeenth-century Bourbon, some are English, some German and Dutch more or less modern, but each one is well marked by the character of some period. They open up other lines of history and other conditions, too extensive for the limits of this article.

JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON.

(*To be continued.*)



SOLDIER MONUMENTS.

OF all the silly, stiff, thick-jointed, graceless goddesses of victory, Illinois' goddess is the worst.

Of all the wry-necked, insignificant, imbecile, weakling manikins, those representing Illinois' soldiers are the most contemptible.

They stand now, lamentable metal objects, just outside of the bronze foundry in sight and scorn of every passer-by. They are shortly to stand on the battlefield of Missionary Ridge in memory of the gallant Illinoisans who fell there.

A goddess with one leg shorter than the other, and no bone in either of them; a goddess with arms of disproportionate length; with a meaningless countenance; nose and forehead overhanging her weak chin as the projecting upper stories of old houses overhang the lower in quaint English streets—not just the kind of architecture one admires in a woman's face. A goddess on whose ridiculous form a burlesque of Grecian drapery hangs as dejectedly as rags upon a scarecrow!

Forever and forever is she to perch on a granite column, tendering a laurel wreath with one absurd long arm and holding aloft an olive branch with the other, twisted backward in defiance of anatomy. Forever and forever will she watch over our heroes' graves with stupid eyes, exaggeratedly large, and prim, curled-up lips exaggeratedly small—the English fashion-plate type of beauty.

Four bronze soldiers will guard the base of her column—cavalryman, infantryman, artilleryman and color-bearer—each one an insult to that image which God is said to have made after His own, and pronounced good. Meeting any such hapless caricature of humanity on the street you would say, “What a pity that he was ever allowed to grow up from rickety infancy to adult idiocy.” The poor invertebrate, unmuscled